

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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No. 12

Christmas Living

CHRISTMAS again, with its peace and good will and wonder! How our friends multiply and increase in value as the Day of Days draws near. How the touch of human hands thrills us and the look in human eyes. To our surprise we are not ashamed to be good, to be kind, to be loving. For this little space out of the long, selfish year we are glad to be ourselves. We give freely of our love, we offer our labor without price, and we speak kindly words that are rarer far than rubies. Once more we take courage and let our hearts have their way, and life laughs and is glad. When Christmas comes the world suddenly grows better: sin, less lovely and Heaven, nearer; and all because a Little Boy was born in Bethlehem. Perhaps—who knows?—we might carry with us throughout the year the joy of this Christmas Living.—*Edwin Osgood Grover.*





FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

"The birth of Jesus is the sunrise of the Bible. Towards this point the aspirations of the prophets and the poems of the psalmists were directed as the heads of flowers are turned towards the dawn. From this point a new day began to flow very silently over the world—a day of faith and freedom, a day of hope and love. When we remember the high meaning that has come into human life. . . . we do not wonder that mankind has learned to reckon history from the birthday of Jesus, and to date all events by the years before or after the Nativity of Christ." So said Dr. Van Dyke, and the words remind us anew of the universality of the blessedness of Christmas. This is peculiarly the joy-time of the year. How love and sympathy are enlarged even in our own narrow circles! How we long to help those less fortunate than ourselves! How we love to lavish gifts upon our own! But in the family of Christ all are "our own," because all are His own. No one, in any country, is so far, so poor or so ignorant that the Christmas Joy, Peace, and Good-Will were not meant for him as much as for us. What a privilege to be able to help carry the Gift to other children of the great family by our going or sending, our praying, giving and working, on Christmas Day and all the days of the year! . . . It is a happy fact that every letter that has come to the desk from which to take notes for our Christmas number contains good news. We are delighted to receive the announcement that the first thousand dollars has been given towards the building of the President's House at Storer College. Did any one who heard the prayers of that little group of women, in Porter Memorial Hall, last

August, doubt that it would come speedily? Our dear Mrs. Metcalf writes, "It is now quite certain that I shall go to Storer for the year, giving my services to the school where most needed. I shall go about the first of December. I am very happy in my decision and hope I may do some good." A Michigan worker writes, "At our state association much interest was shown by the W. M. S. in the President's House at Storer. Each is to present the matter in her local auxiliary, and then do what we can." . . . It is a great pleasure to hear from our President, Mrs. Davis, who writes from her new home in California, Pa. In November she attended the So. W. Pa. Quarterly Meeting and organized an auxiliary at Belle Vernon with seventeen members. She writes, "I am much pleased with their desire and willingness to do this work. I was very glad to meet the people. Pennsylvania is such a large state that distances are great between the churches. This Q. M. extends 150 miles." We extend cordial greeting to the new auxiliary in Pennsylvania, as well as to the two new societies in New Hampshire recently organized by our Treasurer, Miss DeMeritte. . . . Our Missionary-Elect to India, Miss Sadie Gowen, who is taking Kindergarten training at Folts Mission Institute, Herkimer, N. Y., writes, "I am very happy in my work and am finding opportunity for some mission work here which gives me much pleasure." By our request she has written a very interesting account of her city mission work while at the Moody institute in Chicago. Mrs. Stone writes, "I certainly think we have reason to congratulate ourselves in having Miss Gowen as a prospective Kindergarten." . . . We are glad that Miss Fenner has given us a glimpse of their unique meeting in Providence. Rhode Island women always have up-to-date and resultful methods of working. A Pittsfield, Me., worker writes, "Our pastor is taking charge of the mission study class in our auxiliary and is making it very interesting. Mrs. Landman is our very earnest and efficient president." The Biddeford and Saco, Me., societies are energetic and progressive, as the reports of the press committees in the daily papers testify. Why not the HELPER? A young woman of Michigan writes of the sweet, harmonious session of the State Association and adds "My interest in missions dates back to the little Mission Band in Hillsdale." Attention is again called to Mrs. Andrews' statement in the November HELPER and on the fourth page of cover. She is sending out helpful letters to the state agents who, we are sure, will heartily cooperate with her in all her plans for our magazine.

HOW MANY YEARS

O peasant girl of Nazareth,
 How many years have fled
 Since thou didst pillow on thy breast
 That innocent, sweet head!
 But such dear love is holier now,
 And every mother sees
 The Christ-child in the child that lies
 Asleep upon her knees.

O angels, singing in the skies
 Your rare and rapturous notes,
 Down what vast corridors of time
 Your blissful music floats!
 But, since ye broke that silence once,
 Our heaven has come more near,
 And faith can catch the seraph's hymn
 So jubilant and clear.

O shepherds, watching on the plain,
 Or kneeling at the stall,
 How far away, how far away,
 Your folds and flocks and all!
 But as of yore, to open minds
 Do God and nature speak
 The simple-hearted bow as then
 Before the Babe they seek.

O wise men, bearing precious gifts,
 And coming from afar,
 How dim, how dim that distant age
 When first ye saw the star!
 But those who follow wisdom's light,
 And star-like science greet,
 Bring all their truth and knowledge still,
 And lay them at his feet.

O pilgrim-shrine among the hills,
 How strange the stories sound
 That in thy mean and narrow walls
 The world's great Hope was found!
 But out from thee the radiance streamed
 And bathed the newer West,
 And here, in every village, dwells
 Thy glorious Christmas Guest.

The star is gone—the angels gone—
 Such marvels can not last;
 The shepherds and the magi move
 Like ghosts in that old past!
 But thou, O Christ, art more to us
 Than prodigy or sign;
 We need no miracle but thee
 And thy great life divine!

Selected

HAPPY NEWS FROM CRADLE ROLLS

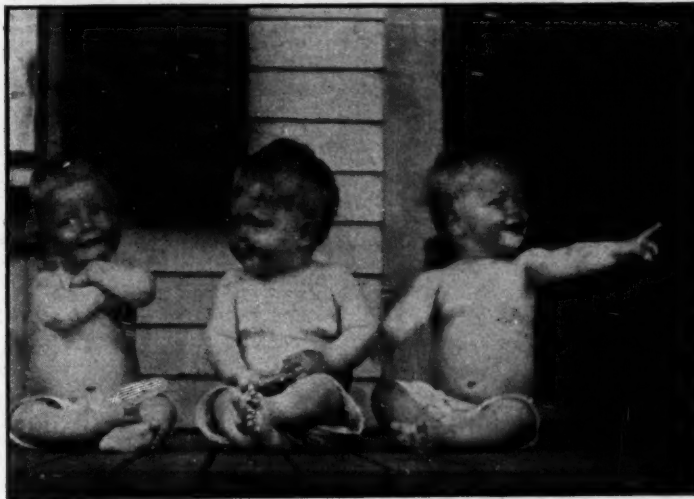
DEAR CRADLE ROLL WORKERS—Here are some reports which came too late for the August number of the HELPER, but I'm sure they will none the less interest you.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Saturday, June 19, was Red Letter Day for the babies of the Pawtucket First Free Baptist church. The afternoon was fine, and forty little ones, with their mothers, gathered in the church vestry for the Annual Rally. They were heartily welcomed by the ladies of the W. M. S., the officers of the S. S. and C. R. The roll call was followed by a Grand March and then a short program was given by the children. Ten little boys told about "Ten little Indians each on a copper cent," two little tots sang a duet, and a number of little girls gave recitations; seven Little Light Bearers became Advanced Light Bearers and the address to the graduates was given by Mrs. J. H. Roberts. The su-

perintendent presented them with Star badges. The refreshment tables were in charge of the assistant superintendent, Mrs. Harry S. Jordan, and were fully enjoyed by all. The industrial depression has been severely felt by our people, so we were well pleased with the offering of \$13.45, even if it were smaller than usual.

No. of L. L. B., 65; No. of A. L. B., 36; total, 101. Received from L. L. B.'s, \$13.52; from A. L. B., \$4.51; total, \$17.96.

(MRS.) JULIA T. MITCHELL, Supt.



" MERRY CHRISTMAS "

The annual meeting of the Pawtucket, R. I., Advanced Light Bearers was held at the home of the Leader, June 12th, in the evening, with 16 of the 36 members present. A little program had been prepared consisting of piano and cornet solos and recitations, by different members, after which two of the boys counted the pennies which amounted to \$4.51. A short talk on general lines about the object of the society and partial plans for the fall was given by the Leader and all decided that we could make extra effort for the good of the society another year. Refreshments were served and new boxes given out. One new member was added and we received seven graduates from the Little Light Bearers.

ANNA E. DAVIS, A. L. B., Supt.

PASCOAG, R. I.—On the afternoon of June 24. The Little Light Bearers held their annual rally on the church lawn. The membership, this year, is twenty-seven, and nearly all the children, with their mothers or friends, were present.

A charming little program was prepared by Miss Winnifred Hopkins and Miss Mabel Potter, consisting of piano and vocal solos, duets, and recitations. The exercises were held in the vestry. At the close, the children formed in a line, and marched down the aisle, depositing their mite boxes in a Doll's Cradle, daintily arranged for the occasion. The company then repaired to the lawn, where tables were spread with fancy crackers, home-made cookies and ice cream.

Miss Mildred Dennett had arranged several attractive games for the little folks, but in the midst of their enjoyment a thunder storm arose, and the Cradle Roll Party of 1908 was broken up.

All agreed, however, with the little girl who said, as she was hastening homeward, "Oh, we've had a lovely time." The offering was the largest ever given, \$11.50.

EVA LOVEJOY DENNETT, Sup't.

MANCHESTER, MICH.—Our rally was held Aug. 5th, at the home of Mrs. S. B. Decker. The rooms were prettily decorated with small flags, lots of pictures of little children, also a number of our missionary workers. A short program was given by a few of the mothers. Ice cream and cake were served on the lawn, and each child presented with a star badge. Three new members were added to the roll.

(MRS.) NELLIE MAHON, Sup't.

MASON, MICH.—The W. M. S. entertained the Mission Band and the Cradle Roll, Aug. 19, at the home of one of the members.

The Band furnished the program, at the close of which dainty refreshments were served. We have 4 new members—13 in all. Offering, \$4.03.

(MRS.) EMMA D. MACK, Sup't.

The following is a report from a S. S. Cradle Roll, which we were glad to receive. We have many such in our denomination and we wish that they could be combined with the Missionary C. R. which is very easily done. The rolls are carried on just as at present, with this addition: Each child is given an enrollment card and a mite box; then at the annual

rally the mite boxes are brought in, and their contents goes to help our little ones over the sea. Most mothers are glad to feel that their babies can help in this great work. S. S. Cradle Roll Superintendents, write to me for literature and supplies.

The Cradle Roll of the Big Bend, Wis., Baptist Sunday School was organized Jan. 1st, 1908, with a membership of twenty-six; ten members have been added since, making a total of thirty-six. The parents of three only are members of the church at this place, many having no church connection, but are pleased to have their little ones on our Cradle Roll. Several pictures of the babies have been placed on the church wall by the Roll. Appropriate cards are sent on their birthdays, calls being made by the superintendent and assistant whenever possible. Children's Day was made a Cradle Roll "Welcome Day," each member receiving a C. R. pin on entering the church. After a short program, our pastor, Rev. C. H. Myers, gave a talk to parents and children which was appreciated by all.

At our annual Sunday School picnic twenty-one of the members were present and they, with their mothers, were photographed in a group. All enjoyed the day, one father and mother walking two miles to the grounds bringing their little one in its carriage to meet the other members of the Cradle Roll, because their baby belonged to the "Society."

JESSIE A. CLARK, Sup't.

As you read over the annual report, last month, I hope you did not fail to read that of the C. R. and to note the small increase over the last year; not nearly as large as we hoped it would be, was it? How many are ready to help make it much larger this year? If you do not feel interested, hunt up your August HELPER and take a good long look at those dear, appealing little faces, clustered about Mrs. Burkholder, and see if you do not think you'd like to do something for them, and others equally as needy. This is the month *our* children love. How they are counting the days until the 25th, and how we plan to make the day a happy one for them! Are our hearts large enough and is our love great enough, to take in those little brown babies, too? O mothers of the babies, as you hang up the little stockings for *your* baby, on Christmas eve, will you not send up a prayer and tuck a gift in the baby's mite box for that other baby far away? Wishing you all a happy, happy Christmas, I am

Your C. R. Secretary,

LAURA E. HARTLEY.

MY LADY'S DREAMS

BY ALFRIEDA MARIAN MOSHER.

My Lady sat before the open fire in her sumptuous boudoir on Christmas eve. A maid at a table nearby was busily doing up and directing parcels. The clock was striking twelve when she asked, "Is this all?"

My Lady roused from the reverie into which she had fallen, and looked up. "Let me see the list again," she said.

The maid passed her a long sheet of paper covered with names written in a clear, careful hand. She glanced it over. The names of her father and mother stood first. Yes, the imported jardiniere was ready for them; the debutante sister dressing on the morrow for her first ball would find the diamond brooch in her jewel box; to her brother's new baby had gone a jeweled ivory rattle; for the friend soon to be a bride there was a coffee service of silver; and then for the scores of names that followed of relatives, friends and acquaintances there were books, bonbons, flowers and other mementoes, all selected by herself, and done up and sent by the faithful Nina; and one present had gone to one whose name was not on the paper—a gleaming solitaire in a setting suited for a man's hand. That was the one present, the doing up of which My Lady had not entrusted to Nina: but carefully laid in its leather case by her own slender fingers, and directed in her own handwriting, it had gone on its way bearing its message of love and fidelity.

When she had read the paper through she asked, "You are sure the presents I selected have been sent to all these people?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Then it is all. I know of no one else to whom I am bound by any tie of affection or duty or gratitude to send a Christmas gift. There is no other person who can expect anything from me. Indeed, if I wanted to send another present, I do not know to whom I could find an excuse to send it. Now, I can lie down in peace and sleep."

My Lady rose from her seat by the fire, and passed into her sleeping apartment, and lay down on her bed and slept. In her sleep she dreamed she was again arranging for the bestowal of Christmas gifts. One after another she ordered them sent away till every one whom she could think of to send one to, had been remembered. As she was saying, "No, there is no other to whom I owe a gift at this season, nor is there even one more to whom I could find an excuse for sending one," she beheld the

figure of a man standing before her. In beauty and perfection he surpassed all she had ever seen or dreamed, but his face was sad with an unspeakable sadness, and in his hands and feet and on his side were cruel wounds. "Long years ago," he was saying, "at Christmas time I gave for thee the greatest gift that was ever given for mortals. From thy childhood I have watched and waited for thee to give a gift to me. Shall I, thy greatest friend, alone be forgotten on the day which is observed in remembrance of my birth?"

Then My Lady awoke. "Why did that dream come to me?" she exclaimed impatiently, and half aloud.

The sound of her voice aroused the maid in the adjoining room, and she came quickly running in and asking, "Did you call?"

"No," answered My Lady, "I did not call. Go back to sleep."

"Yes, My Lady." The girl started to go. Then she turned back, and said timidly, "I did not want to disturb you. I am sorry I did it, but I thought I heard you, and I was afraid you might have remembered some one else to whom you wished to send a gift, so I came to say I would see to the sending if you wished me to."

"Did I not tell you there was no other?" My Lady's tone was sharp. "Where did you get that idea?"

"I hardly know," she answered. "I awoke quickly, and that thought was in my mind, and so I spoke it out. That was all. I hope I did no harm."

"No, no harm." My Lady's voice was gentler now. "But go to bed. I will call if I want you."

"Yes, My Lady."

The girl went to her room. A few moments later her name, Nina, rang clear and distinct from My Lady's bed.

"Yes, My Lady." She hastened back and found her mistress sitting up in her bed, her face looking doubly white by contrast with the dark hair which fell around it. "What is it?" she exclaimed. "Are you ill? Or is there some gift you have forgotten? I will send it now."

"Why do you always ask about gifts? Did I not tell you I had sent them all?" My Lady threw her hair back from her face nervously.

"Yes, but I had fallen asleep again, and when I awoke they were my first thought. I suppose it is because I have thought of them continually for so many days. But are you ill? You look so pale. Shall I ring for a doctor?"

"No, I am not ill. I have had a strange dream." My Lady spoke slowly, and Nina thought there was an expression of unrest and unsatisfied longing on her face. "And my dream is going to make me do a strange thing. I believe I have forgotten a gift after all. Bring me my check book and my pen and I will see to it."

The maid did as she was bade, and My Lady made out and signed a check for a thousand dollars payable to the missionary society of the church which she occasionally attended. "Take that," she said, handing it to Nina, "and see it is mailed the first thing in the morning."

"Yes, My Lady. Is this all?"

"Yes, all. I am sure there can be nothing more."

Again My Lady slept and again My Lady dreamed. This time she was making out checks to assist various benevolent institutions in carrying on their work. While she was doing so the figure she had seen in her first dream came again, but it seemed to her the expression had lost some of its sadness, and the wounds looked less cruel. This time he said, "I thank thee that at last thou hast thought to direct a gift to me, but thou hast only given me on this Christmas that which cost thee neither toil nor privation nor discomfort. One Christmas long ago I gave to thee my life."

When My Lady awoke the first rays of the Christmas sun were shining through her window. She hastily arose from her bed and went to call her maid. "Merry Christmas, Nina, merry Christmas," she said. "Hurry and waken."

The girl rubbed her eyes sleepily. "Have you forgotten some present?" she asked. "I will see to it now."

"Yes," answered My Lady, and there was in her eye a light and on her face a sweetness Nina had never seen there before. "I have forgotten many presents. I have been forgetting them all my life, and I must hasten to begin giving them before it is too late. Now, bring me my street suit, and dress yourself in yours as speedily as you can for we have much to do today."

"Yes, My Lady."

An hour later My Lady and Nina went forth from the house laden with baskets and bundles. All day long they went about bringing comfort to those who were in need, and telling of the great Christmas gift that had been given to all men no matter what their condition.

When it was evening they returned home, and My Lady, tired and

weary, but with a joy in her heart she had never before known, lay down to rest. In her sleep she dreamed a third time. In this dream she was bringing Christmas gifts and Christmas tidings to those who knew neither of Christ nor of Christmas, and all the time there walked by her side one whose presence was a benediction, and who said to her in the sweetest of accents, "Thou art in deed and in truth fulfilling all thy Christmas obligations."

Boston, Mass.

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AT STORER COLLEGE

I am glad to contribute to the holiday number of the *HELPER* something that will add to the Christmas cheer of those who are interested in Storer College.

The first \$1,000 for the President's House has been pledged. The gift of the second \$1,000, by the Woman's Missionary Society is now assured, and much of the third \$1,000, is already in the treasury. Friends, churches, auxiliaries, will you come to our aid, so that in three months I can announce the whole amount pledged? President McDonald has been notified to make plans and begin work, so sure are we that our motto, "Faith and Works Win," is true.

ALICE M. METCALF.

In Memoriam

Let us be patient, we who mourn with weeping
Some vanished face:
The Lord has taken, but to add more beauty
And a diviner grace.
When through the storm and tempest safely anchored
Just on the other side,
We shall find that dear face through death's deep shadows
"Not changed, but glorified."

Mrs. EMILY BENEDICT REYNOLDS, Palo Alto, California, August 31, 1908.

Miss FANNY EDDY, Greenville, Rhode Island, October 19, 1908.

Mrs. ESTHER M. WHITMORE, Bowdoinham, Maine.

NOTE.—When a member of an Auxiliary passes on, it is fitting that name, place of residence and date of death should appear under "In Memoriam." Resolutions and obituaries are not printed in *THE HELPER*.

have a waist. Each of the smaller ones must be remembered with a toy or a doll. The pupils in the school must all have some little present that will make them look back at the day with pleasure. Pencils, paper, bags for school books, shirts, books,—all of these and many other things make suitable presents. A few *pice* are given to each of the orphanage children with which to buy some little present for a friend. These frequently, with the girls, take the form of cheap bracelets and jewelry which they buy from traveling peddlers who are on hand at this time. Strings of beads or bright colored cords they also buy. An orange for every one present is frequently provided, this means six or eight hundred. Dates are bought and a few, wrapped in paper or in forest leaves, are given to all Christian children present, and if the supply allows to heathen children as well.

While all these things are being prepared at the bungalow, with the active help of the boys and girls of the orphanage, some of the larger boys and young men of the village have selected a tree with branching top and green leaves, and brought and erected it out in an open field. A rope is stretched about it to keep people back, and soon the committee are hanging the presents on.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the exercises begin with class singing, or with singing of songs by the boys and then by the girls. Then one of the native preachers stands on a small platform and speaking Santali explains, especially for the heathen who are present, the meaning of the Christmas. He is followed by another speaking in Bengali.

Then the distribution of presents takes place. This is a time for jollification and merriment. The little boys and girls have deepening and widening grins as they get, one after another, three or four little presents. Perhaps the whole that a child gets would not be worth more than five cents yet he is blissfully happy. And those who are older who have perhaps received a cloth worth thirty or forty cents are happy and grateful.

But at last all the presents are distributed. The dolls that have been sent from America and the book bags and a number of other things have all reached at last their proper destinations. The popped rice has all been eaten, the little balls that look and feel like India rubber, but really are rice flour balls, have been gnawed down to a disappearing point and have vanished. The cloths have been tried on to see if they

were the right length. The girls are talking about how much nicer a wide red line is in a sari than a blue one. The boys have donned their newly presented shirts. The heathen children have gone home, not perhaps understanding in the least what it all meant, but seeing after all that the Christians were having a fine time.

The night comes and the "Sahib" and "mem Sahib" with the "babas" are talking over the day and the presents. They wonder if all the cloths went where it was intended, who gave the chicken that was tied at the foot of the tree, etc. It has been a hard, busy, trying day. It is over, and they are glad it is a year before another like it, but something of the Christmas cheer is theirs and because of the far-sighted thoughtfulness of many in America it has been possible to brighten, if but for a day, the hard lives of three or four hundred people.

TREASURER'S NOTES

New auxiliaries: Contoocook and Belmont, N. H.

How good it is to record two new auxiliaries! At the annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of New Hampshire last June, it was decided to do some organizing work. Soon I was asked to assist. I urged that this work should be done by women in the state who are particularly interested in the New Hampshire society. But heartily believing in the plan, and wishing to do my part in making it a success, I consented to give a little time to the work. So, under the direction of the state president, Mrs. Sanborn, I went to Contoocook Thursday, October 22.

That afternoon I met the ladies of the church at the home of one of the members. We had a long talk on auxiliary work, and the advisability of organizing a society. In the evening I spoke in the church, and, by previous arrangement with the ladies, I invited them to meet me at the home of the pastor the following afternoon to further the plan of forming a society. By the time of this meeting nine women had promised to become members. One of the women most enthusiastically in favor of a society was made the president. All the officers are, I think, strong, substantial women, and I look for a good working auxiliary.

Saturday, the 24th of October, I went to Belmont. Here is where our president, Mrs. Davis, and our Mrs. Sinclair lived for many years as pastors' wives. That afternoon I met a few ladies at the Cradle Roll meeting. I found them ready for a society, so it was easy, on Sab-

bath afternoon, to begin one, though it is not yet fully officered. The president is a young woman, and deeply interested in missionary work. In both places the pastors and their wives heartily co-operated with the plans proposed.

I wish this kind of work might be continued in New Hampshire, and adopted by other states. The easiest way to do it is for each quarterly meeting, or conference, or association, to select some one of their own number to visit churches without societies, meeting with the ladies and presenting to them the importance of auxiliaries, and then, when they are ready, helping them to form a society. The leaflet, "How to Organize," gives all needed information. Of course the traveling expenses of the ones who do this work should be paid. Try it.

December ought to have a special significance to missionary workers because the 25th commemorates the birth of the one who was the world's greatest missionary, and the founder of the kingdom which is yet to cover the earth. How fitting that our gift-making should include one for the advancement of this kingdom in the lands where there is the least knowledge of it. So will not the friends of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society remember it with a Christmas gift? How it would delight your treasurer to receive many such gifts for the society on Christmas morning! Shall she?

Money has moved slowly towards the treasury of late. I trust the agitation of the union question is not lessening our sense of responsibility for the work, so long as it is in our hands. India and Storer College need us just as much as ever—more, in fact, for the opportunities to help are increasing, and God is just as willing to bless our efforts as He has been in the past.

Mrs. Metcalf has begun her work for the president's house at Storer, recently sending \$100, the gift of two ladies, one in Meredith and one in Laconia, N. H. The Woman's Society is ready to give \$1,000 after the first thousand is secured, and the building of the house can then begin. Recently the sister of Miss Lizzie Knight, formerly of Ocean Park, paid her memorial dues. It is a beautiful way of memorializing a friend. Rhode Island has substantially increased the receipts this month by remitting \$142.40, and New Hampshire's receipts are larger than for some time. I have not received the contributions from Maine for September and October. I learn this morning, as I am finishing these notes, that the treasurer sent them for two months, the last of October. I regret very

much that they cannot appear in this number of the MISSIONARY HELPER, but it is too late to get a duplicate copy.

At the annual meeting of the F. B. W. M. S. in August, it was decided to divide the treasurer's work, so that the assistant treasurer can have more of the detail work to do. There were two reasons why this action was adopted. One is because the treasurer wishes to be released from a part of her duties, and the other, and more important reason, which the treasurer has urged for several years, that some one ought to be in training for the office. So far as I am personally concerned, I do not want any one to think I do this to be relieved of work, for I love work, only a partial change in ways of working will, I believe, be better for all concerned. So the following division of labor has been made by vote of the society: The treasurer is to have the control of investments, under the direction of an investment committee, as in the past, also is to have general supervision, including answering questions touching the different departments of the work. Letters relating to support of teachers, orphans, schools, also about special contributions, etc., should be sent to the treasurer. The assistant treasurer is to receive all contributions, and give receipts for them; keep the cash account and pay bills. So please notice that after January, contributions for the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society are to be sent to Miss Edyth R. Porter, 45 Andover street, Peabody, Mass., and all checks and money orders are to be made payable to her order.

Miss Porter needs no introduction to the many friends of Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Porter, nor to those who know her at Ocean Park, nor to those who have become familiar with her long time service, as assistant. She is already familiar with much of the details of the work, and is a practical accountant. In the years I have so pleasantly worked with her she has been very faithful and accurate, and it gives me pleasure to have her take more of the care and responsibility. The salary which has been paid to the treasurer is to be divided between the two. You often say in your letters that you remember in prayer your treasurer; will you not now add your assistant treasurer?

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LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treasurer.

(Send all contributions, after Jan. 1, to Miss Edyth R. Porter, 45 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.)

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"The study of missions is the study of the successful accomplishment of gigantic social tasks
It is the story of the remaking of nations by the impulse of divine energy and ideals."

✱ ✱ ✱

TOPICS FOR 1908-1909

October—Roll-call and Membership.
November—The Nearer and Farther East:
1. Islam: Its Character and Conquests.
December—2. The Social Evils of Islam.
January—3. The Story of Missions to Moslems.
February—Prayer and Praise.
March—Home Missions.
April—4. The Work That Remains to be Done.
May—Thank-Offering.
June—5. Siam.
July—6. Burma.
August—Missionary Field Day.
September—7. Korea.

JANUARY—The Story of Missions to Moslems.

("The Nearer and Farther East." Chapter III.)

"It must be clearly evident to all that men are moving towards the light of truth in all lands, and when we look towards the sun we forget the night."—*President of Robert College, Constantinople.*

Suggestive Program

OPENING HYMN—"Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest."

BIBLE LESSON—The Growth of the Kingdom, Matt. 13: 31-33. Give Ye Them to Eat, Matt. 14: 15-21. Praise God all peoples, Ps. xcvi, (responsively.)

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING for the growing light in Moslem lands; for the new liberty and openings for Christian work. Prayer for special blessing just now upon the workers in Moslem fields and for large and speedy reinforcements.

SINGING—"The Bugle Call."

CURRENT EVENTS from our own Field.

THE LESSON—Aim: to make vivid the long and general neglect of the Church; the work of preparation now accomplished; the great needs

to be met, and to present the story of a few pioneer missionaries. Use pictures 3 to 10. Commit, for the motto of the month, the beautiful quotation from Raymond Lull: "He who loves not lives not; He who lives by the Life cannot die."

BRIEF TALKS AND PAPERS—I. Neglect of the Moslem World and reasons why. II. Stories of typical pioneer missionaries. III. Forces now at work. IV. Weapons of Warfare (education, medical work, press, prayer, missionaries.)

QUESTIONS AND CONVERSATION about the foregoing topics.

PRAYER

"The mightiest weapon today in the hands of the Christian church is intercessory prayer. If all the Christian women who unite in the study of the Moslem world were to unite also in unselfish, believing prayer for the spread of the Kingdom among Moslems, a long step ahead would surely result. The apathy of the church at home cuts the nerve of missionary endeavor abroad."

FOR REFERENCE—Life of Raymond Lull in the Reference Library which accompanies this study, or sketch of his life in *Via Christi*, page 130. Life of Henry Martin, by George Smith, or sketch of his life in the *Encyclopædia of Missions*. The Junior text book "Springs in the Desert" will be found interesting and helpful.

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The babe born in a manger
Hundreds of years ago,
Our Father's Christmas present,
Has set our hearts aglow.

And so we gladly scatter,
With willing heart and hand,
The joy that it has brought us
To every darkened land.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

"Nothing tests a man's character more than that in which he takes delight. It is the following hard after God which leads to soul satisfaction."

THE MISSIONARY HELPER BRANCH
OF THE
International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears
Pass it on.



All letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page or sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

Christmas cheer is solicited for members of the Helper Branch; simple gifts, an offer to write Yule Tide letter, to send a fancy card, or give a few stamps which will enable us to pass on Xmas greetings. There are helpless invalids, aged people, living in institutions and lonely ones who need our sunshine at this time. The first gift for our Xmas work came from Mrs. Geo. H. Hamlen of Balasore, India. it consisted of dainty hand made handkerchief and collar and cuff set.

BRANCH NEWS

Miss Ida M. Hastings, who is ever ready to help in a financial way, has cheered us again with a gift of \$1.00. Miss E. J. Small, another of our helpful members, has given \$1.00 for our Book Case. Mrs. Emeline B. Cheney has sent in a number of copies of "A Birthday Reverie" also postage stamps which will be used to send her beautiful poem to those who are living in the sunset of life. Mrs. Myra J. Fultz has sent us six copies of her last poem "He Knows"; she is also cheering afflicted members of our Branch with her sunshiny pen. A package of cards, poems and mottoes; three "T puzzles" from two of our Portland members.

A monthly report from one of our members "passed on the four publications as usual, sent cards, written letters and made calls on shut ins, cut garments and sewed for needy children."

Mrs. H. A. Ashley sent a birthday gift of 70c "to cheer and brighten some other heart." A sunshine letter has been received from Mrs. A. C. Joslin expressing pleasure at being one of our co workers.

Mrs. Dottie Brown has changed her address to 1518 Boomville St, Springfield, Mo. Miss Ruth E. Horton, who is interested in our work for the Blind Babies, has offered to do what she can for their comfort.

Miss Mildred E. Emery is forming her Sunday School class into an I. S. S. band and we shall hear from them after they are organized.

Mrs. A. C. Bradley's class of boys have sent in another gift, a check for \$2.00, to be used for sick children who do not have the comforts of life. We return grateful thanks to these Oklahoma boys for their generous gifts.

A Brooklyn member has offered to make sofa pillows and pass them on if the covers and tops are sent in. This is a kind offer; send the same to the president's address.

Mrs. Jennie Bettz an invalid sister of Fannettsburg, Pa., would like silk pieces and embroidery floss, as she is anxious to finish her silk quilt.

The President and Mrs. Robert R. Barringer served as delegates for the HELPER BRANCH at the Annual State Day of the Southern Division New York State, which was held at the Hotel Astor on November 18th, 1908.

Practical Christian Living

'The test of your Christian character should be that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world.

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OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS MORN

O God, who yearly makest us glad with friends and joy in our homes, and hast also brought to our remembrance the birth of thy Holy Child Jesus, who living and dying in the weakness of the flesh, was owned thy Son by the power of the Spirit; we bless thee for his great humility, and pray to become partakers of his glorious life, holding fast the freedom which he wrought for men from all defilement of sin, and from all bondage of the soul; and through thy gift we may be thy children, and be one with Christ in mind, as he is one with thee our Father for ever. Amen.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY

"Let not the hearts whose sorrow cannot call
This Xmas merry, slight the festival."

September 5, when our first-born boy of nine years died of diphtheria, was the "Black Friday" of our lives. As Christmas approached the sadness deepened, for everything about the day suggested the child who had been in former years the merriest one of all the family. I did not run away for change of scene, because I felt that such a course would be too cowardly.

On Christmas morning, we sat at the breakfast table all too sad for Christians, but we could not help thinking, and our thoughts kept us silent after the blessing. The silence was broken by a little tot who said, "This is Howard's first Christmas in Heaven." Another little one on the other side of the table replied, with a tear in her half-indignant voice, "I would like to know if it is not Christmas every day in Heaven?" The clouds parted and the sunshine filled our souls. We began to learn for the first time what Jesus meant when He said, "Your

sorrow shall be turned into joy," and, "God, who commanded light to shine out of darkness, shined in our hearts." We had known before that joy could banish sorrow and the light drive away darkness, but we had been ignorant of the divine alchemy that transmutes sorrow into joy and turns darkness into light.

The child was right. There is Christmas every day in Heaven, but need we wait till we get there before we are permitted to enjoy Christmas every day? Let us see. The angels said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," and are we not among the "all people" who may rejoice even now in the "good tidings of great joy?" "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ, the Lord." Jesus is our Savior every day, and the obedient Christian is glad to submit to his lordship every day. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us" every day. If the presence of Christ in His fulness makes Christmas every day in Heaven, we may certainly have a foretaste of that experience on earth.

The song of the angels at Bethlehem was set to the music of Heaven. If one of the shepherds had been musician enough to have caught the strains and they had been preserved, they would doubtless have excelled the harmonies of Handel and Beethoven. And yet the sweetest part of the song was not in its music, but rather in the fact that it was a message from God to men. The "glory of the Lord" that shone round about the shepherds and made them sore afraid, was not so bright as the glory of the fact that God is interested in men and is speaking to them of salvation through His Son. This glory shines to-day through supernal brightness, and we are not afraid. When the night of grief gathers about our lives, God's inspired message is an angel who says to our souls, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." When we are perplexed and burdened, another angel, even the Angel of the Covenant, says in sweetest tones, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." When we are distressed by thorns in the flesh and feel like fainting by the way, "My grace is sufficient for thee" is an angel's message that revives our strength and courage. Indeed the whole Bible is a "multitude of the heavenly host praising God" and saying to us just what we need to hear in every time of temptation and sorrow.

The angels appeared to the shepherds while they were at their

humble work, and God delights to give us new visions of Himself and His truth, while we are busy with commonplace affairs.

"This is the gospel of labour.
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk;
The God of love comes down from above,
To live with the men who work."

But the shepherds went to others with the story of what they had heard, and the joy of hearing the angelic message is increased by passing it on every day to the company, or the individual. Be a messenger of the King to bear the glad tidings to someone every day, and Christmas music will always fill your soul.

Rev. A. C. Dixon.

THROUGH THE CRACK OF A DOOR

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

Lois was reading a letter while the breakfast waited. It was a most disquieting letter, and it came right into the middle of Lois's "busy week," and made the work seem more prosaic and uninspiring than ever.

"If ever you were needed in your life, Lois Abbott, you are needed now and here, and I wish your 'sense of duty' hadn't seen fit to drag you off to that poor little, dreadful country place just at the very wrong minute. We are going to entertain what Dr. Dana calls 'our sister churches,' and, O Lois! why aren't you here to pour the coffee and serve the lemonade and tie the Christmas holly, and do forty things that nobody but you can ever do or make anybody else do!"

So ran the beginning of the letter, and the rest was like unto it,—all about how much they missed dear Lois in all the details of getting ready; and oh, what a pity that dear Lois was buried up in that little, tucked-away country village instead of staying where she could be of some use and account in the world, and so forth.

For just one instant before the "second bell" Lois came near being swept off her feet by a great wave of self-pity. It *was* a shame! Why had she tried to come back home and teach school, just for the sake of being at home, when two or three other "openings" were ready for her,—when she might have stayed in the pleasant city home with the bright cousins there, seeing all the alert, joyous life, and sharing in it? For just one instant. The next a feeling of shame came up like a big "ninth wave" and swallowed up the other. As she passed the foot of the lounge, on her way down stairs, she picked up a little red book of daily "readings," which often gave her the day's inspiration. It did this morning.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee."

Of course there was nothing supernatural in it, and yet there was something very odd in the way the verse "fitted in." She went down stairs with a new look on her face that set her mother wondering, for her latest expression had been one of disgust and weariness.

"I've got a new idea, mother!" she said, joyously, at last, after two or three curious inquiries. "Don't you know I always 'live by my ideas?' Here I've been thinking that because this is a little dead-and-alive country place there wasn't any use trying to live for Christ here. Well, that sounds awfully! You know what I mean; no use to take up missionary work, and all that. Why, mother, don't you know what we read yesterday in that book about Mrs. Schaffler? It said 'she would find some way to preach Christ if it had to be through the crack of a door.' I guess I'll find some way. I'll try, anyhow."

"You can't make this place over, I'm afraid," sighed Mrs. Abbott drearily.

"Well, then, let's see if trying to won't make me over!" said Lois, bright-eyed and earnest, snatching her bag and lunch-box, and leaving her mother with a good-by kiss and the echo of brave words in her heart to get through the morning with.

Lois was in earnest. That meant that the first instant of opportunity found her working to find out some way to carry out her new idea. At the fifteen-minute recess she ran up to the second grammar, and began to pour out her heart to Miss Kean and beg her co-operation.

"Can't we do something?" she asked. "You see what a place this is. You came from a city church. What can we do, and how shall we do it?"

"The minister said yesterday that if he had ten people—only just ten—who would make Christ and his church the first thing in their lives, he could revolutionize this town."

"I heard that! I've been thinking about it ever since. Let's make two, Miss Kean! We're needed here. A big city mission with all the other churches joining in,—it doesn't need much of a person to do a great deal of good if he, she, or it has a mind to. What is the reason there couldn't be a country mission in this poor little, dreadful country place, where nobody ever—"

Just then the bell rang. Miss Kean was at her desk, and merely laid her hand on her own bell and stood at attention, but Lois turned hastily to regain her room before the in-rushing crowd of children. Her foot slipped. The next moment she lay white and limp at the foot of the stairs, not even moaning.

That was the end of school for Lois that winter. After the first frightened moment or two, when the doctor made examination, and everybody held his breath for the verdict, there was no fear of broken bones or serious illness, but there were sprains and bruises enough, he remarked, grimly, to keep six women bedridden. Lois heard him and smiled pitifully up at her mother.

"I guess it will *have* to be 'through the crack of a door,'" she said, weakly.

That remark was the keynote of all that happened the rest of that winter. Miss Kean was standing at the couch foot, and demanded an explanation. Mrs. Abbott told her. Miss Kean went back to school with a story to tell that—just as soon as Lois was able to sit up and keep from groaning—brought a delegation of five or six young women to have what they called a "talk-over."

"Your head isn't hurt a bit," said lively Kitty Scoville. "It doesn't make any difference about the rest of you, for we've got hands and feet a-plenty, and all at your service. Now tell us what to do."

"Give your orders," said Miss Kean, smilingly. "To hear is to obey."

"Command us," said Maggie Foster, dramatically.

"O girls!" cried Lois, the tears almost starting, "I can't 'order.' What do I know about what you ought to do? I only know what I wanted to do, what I meant to do if the Lord had let me. I can see so many things that ought to be done!"

"That's just what we want, you to tell us. Lie here and have visions. Tell us about 'em. You shall carry out every one of them 'through the crack of a door.' We want to be of some use, Lois, dear. Didn't you know it? *We* love Jesus, too!"

It is a question if Lois could have come so near their hearts in six months of health and eager effort. Somehow, Miss Kean's little story of the talk at recess, and the pathos of the sudden disappointment, called every good feeling to the surface, and made them willing to accept Lois's leadership in a way that astonished her no less than her mother. She fell in with their notion of making her general planner and organizer, even in her sick room. All day long while the bright, earnest young teachers were in their schoolrooms, Lois was in hers. "A school, mother!" she sometimes said, petting the idea. "It's a Normal Institute."

"Lying here flat on my back, girls," she told them when they came in at night for "orders," "it seems as if I can see ten times as well as I could up and around as I used to be. I've thought out the most delightful plan. Firstly, you know it's rushing right on to Christmas."

"Three weeks and a day."

"Correct, grammar school. Now, girls, Christmas is the very heart and soul of missions."

"Is it?" asked Lilla Stevens. "Christmas always hinders missions for me at least two solid months before and after. I don't have a red cent to give to anybody."

"Of course. We've got out of the way of having a gospel Christmas. We want to get right into it again. I've been making a list of the forlornest people I know."

"Oh, to try to make them happy?"

"No; to get them to try to make somebody else happy. That is what they're needing, every blessed soul of them. I'm going to get mother to

get the minister to get a Christmas tree, and start in on an entirely new plan this year to trim and fix it."

"The tree is to be for the poor people?"

"We haven't any poor people."

"Who, then?"

"A missionary. A real, live missionary. One that you can touch with your hands and see with your eyes and hear with your ears, and have a real piece in everything she does when she gets back to her foreign missionarying. I've sent for her, and we're expecting her here every minute."

"Lois Abbott! Why don't you talk plain Massachusetts Yankee?"

"Why, I am plain as the way to the postoffice. You know that Miss Delano I told you about that I met at auntie's? I got mother to invite her here to stay over Christmas. And now I say, let's have her for our missionary. She isn't 'adopted' yet by anybody else. And let's give her our Christmas tree, and enlist everybody to help; talk them into it. It isn't such a hard thing to do. Why, girls, I thought I'd got to wear my tongue out trying to persuade you, and now just look at you,—doing all the work, while I lie here preaching."

"We haven't done anything yet," said Miss Kean, in her voice of quiet energy. "But we will, the good Lord helping us. Here's a list, Lois; perhaps it will prove to be the 'ten' the minister asked for. Ten in all, and we want to be enrolled in a young ladies' auxiliary as a sort of a Christmas offering. You know Paul's Christians 'first of all gave their own selves.' Of course we take up your Christmas-tree idea. I think it will draw in everybody. And the auxiliary will grow bigger. When shall we organize? You're to be president, Lois. Appoint the meeting."

The girls were gone, and her mother came in to kiss her good night, and tuck her up as if she had been a little baby.

"Isn't it almost past belief, mother?" she said, with wet eyes and grateful voice, that trembled with the joy of it. "I came so near feeling discontented and discouraged, and when this happened, for a few minutes I just gave up. I do believe the Lord means to teach me that any place—the hardest you can imagine—will give some crack of a chance to work for him."

"Yes, dear. But you needn't talk about 'cracks.' Your door stands wide open."

Miss Delano had arrived and stood in the doorway. She came in and folded Lois in her arms, and took up the parable lovingly. It was a quotation they had often talked over together.

"That's the way with 'cracks.' They always grow bigger once you begin to push a little."—*Life and Light*.

"Do not be afraid to lose the ointment of love. Its fragrance is never noticed until the alabaster box is opened."

Words from Home Workers

"The most fortunate men and women are those who have worthy work to do and who do it because they love it."



IOWA—The Iowa W. M. S. held its annual meeting, in connection with the Y. M., at Hillsboro, August 27-29. The president, Mrs. Thera B. True, being unable to attend, was greatly missed. Mrs. Sproat of Hillsboro was elected president *pro tem*. Reports from the auxiliaries were very good, but we were sorry to note, that the report of the Treasurer showed a deficit in the amount we have assumed to raise for Miss Dawson's salary. It was voted to raise the full \$300 this year and we sincerely hope each auxiliary will make a special effort to have her apportionment fully met. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Thera B. True, Edgewood; Secretary, Mrs. Carrie Miles, Tripoli; Treasurer, Mrs. Thos. McElroy, Dunkerton. Public meetings were held when Rev. E. H. Laughner gave two most interesting and instructive missionary addresses. Collection, \$14.60.

(MRS.) CARRIE MILES, *Sec.*

VERMONT—The W. M. S. of Vermont met at S. Strafford in connection with the Y. M., September 11th, for its annual business meeting. It was voted that money raised this year go to help support Miss Dawson and kindergarten work. The following officers were elected for ensuing year: President, Mrs. Bertha Pease; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Jennie Abbey; Agent for HELPER, Mrs. Lydia Blake; Superintendent of Cradle Roll, Miss Anna Cummings. The Secretary and Treasurer reported an increase in interest and contributions, the state having reached considerably higher than its \$400 mark, the whole amount raised being \$513.43. Saturday evening a public service was held in the church when Rev. E. B. Stiles gave an excellent address upon, "India's Appeal to Christian America." An offering was taken at the close amounting to \$7.84.

JENNIE M. ABBEY, *Secretary.*

Juniors

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THE CHRISTMAS CALL OF THE CHILDREN

Out in the heathen countries,
Far over land and sea,
There are thousands of little children
Calling to you and me.

They want to know the story
That the blessed angels sing—
The beautiful Christmas story,
How Jesus was born to be King.

They want us to tell them quickly
That His life for them was given,—
That He loved and blessed them here on earth,
And is waiting for them in heaven.

—*May Shepard.*

Christmas Program

MEMORY TEXT—"And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor,
the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

SINGING—"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING—Luke 2: 8-14.

PRAYER

CHRISTMAS STAR EXERCISE—Make a large yellow or golden star. In each one of the five points write the name of a country into which children are helping send the light—India, Africa, China, Japan and Micronesia. Suspend star over platform. A group of children go to the platform and look up at star.

FIRST ONE SAYS:

"What star is this that beams so bright,
Which shames the sun's less radiant
light?"

SECOND SPEAKER:

"It shines to announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring."

ALL THE BAND SING:

O Jesus, while the star of grace
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel
Or quench the light which shines so well.

A GIRL SINGS:

"Watchman tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are."

A BOY SINGS:

Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See yon glory-beaming star.

GIRL:

Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?

ALL IN CHORUS:

Traveller, yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

GIRL SINGS:

Watchman tell us of the night!
Higher yet that star ascends.

GIRL:

Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave it birth?

BOY SINGS:

Traveller, blessedness and light
Peace and truth, its course portends.

ALL SING:

Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

STAR SCRIPTURE EXERCISE:

First Child—The wise men said "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Second—"Lo the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

Third—"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Fourth—Jesus said "I am the bright and morning star."

Fifth—"And he that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations. And I will give him the morning star."

Sixth—"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

LEADER, pointing to the star—Name the countries, and then you may tell some reason why each country *needs* the light of the Star of Bethlehem to tell them about Jesus. (They repeat the countries in concert.)

FIRST JUNIOR, going to the platform and pointing to "India"—India needs the light because there are thirty-three million gods, our teacher said, before which the people bow down and of which they are afraid. They don't know about a God of Love until the missionaries tell them. Then you know about the little child wives and widows who are so sad. We are helping send the light through our own children's missionaries and the orphanages and kindergartens.

SECOND JUNIOR—Africa needs the light because the native people know very little about God. They are superstitious, they believe in witchcraft and evil spirits, and think the spirits of the dead come back to them in the form of snakes and crawl into their huts. They

are afraid of the snakes, and yet afraid to kill them. They think their sorcerers can make rain or keep it away, and their chiefs are often very cruel, killing their people without cause. Our missionary in Liberia, Africa, Rev. Lewis P. Clinton, is teaching the children in our schools of the true God, so they will be able to carry the light to their people when they are older.

THIRD JUNIOR—In China they need the light because they worship idols in their temples, and because they believe in the great dragon in the ground, and in evil spirits. And besides, they kill some of the little girl babies, and many of those that are allowed to live have to suffer dreadfully by having their feet squeezed out of shape.

FOURTH JUNIOR—In Japan the little children are happier than in some of the other countries, but many of the people worship the images of Buddha and the Fox god, and the little children are not taught about the true God and about Christ.

LEADER—Just one more star-point! Can anyone think of a good text for that?

Different children respond quickly:

1. The isles shall wait for His law.
2. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare His praise in the islands.
3. Let the multitudes of the isles be glad thereof.

LEADER—Why do they give these texts?

ALL—Because Micronesia means "little islands."

RECITATION:

"Thou who in a manger
Once has lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,

"Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star."

CHILDREN SING—"The Guiding Star."

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

RESPONSIVE READING—"Living for the Christ Child."

LEADER—Who first gave gifts to the Christ Child?

ALL—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that was born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother, they fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh.

LEADER—How can we give gifts to Jesus now?

ALL—He has told us, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

LEADER—Who are Christ's brethren?

ALL—The poor, the sick, those who suffer, those who are slaves—all who need help.

OFFERING—Dolls' cradles, entwined with holly and passed by little girls, may receive the offering.

READING—"Christmas at Bhimpore." (Before reading the article, in this HELPER, by Dr. Kennan, the leader should point out Bhimpore on a map of our India field and make the place, people and missionaries, there, *real* to the children, in a few words of explanation.)

MOTION SONG—"The Little Ones of Bethlehem." (Missionary Songs for Children, page 15.)

A FOREIGN CHRISTMAS IN OUR OWN LAND—Brief talk about Christmas at Ellis Island where one million, one hundred thousand emigrants came last year, and the number is always increasing. Most of these people stop only long enough to have their papers and baggage examined, and then go on, scattering all over the country. But those who happen to be on the island on Christmas day have a big tree full of presents. The missionaries, who always meet every steamship to look after any unfortunate ones who need help, furnish the tree, and many kind friends send gifts. The boys and girls who

surround this tree cannot understand each other's language, but every little girl understands a doll and every little boy a trumpet, and all understand candy and nuts. The greeting, "Merry Christmas" is arranged in electric lights. There are brief addresses in several languages, reading of Scripture, singing and prayer. Are you not glad that something is done for these homesick strangers?

"If I could make the laws for dear old Santa Claus,
I'd never let him pass one little lad or lass."

SINGING—"Gospel Bells," first and last stanzas. During the chorus tiny bells may be rung softly behind the platform.

CLOSING PRAYER, by a child,

"Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near and lighten
Every heart of man."

FOR CHRISTMAS

The Bureau of Missionary Intelligence has not an extensive assortment of Christmas novelties. but it offers a few things that are suitable for the children. "A Trip with Santa Claus" is a charming Christmas story for children. It tells how Santa Claus went to India and what he saw and did there. Illustrated in color. Price 30 cents.

"Sunshine Stories from Many Lands" has stories of children "Across the Sea," "Helping Hand on This Side" and "Folk-Lore Stories." Price 15 cents.

The pictures of Miss Barnes would be appropriate for Sunday School classes or Junior Societies and would be a means of arousing interest in "The Children's Missionary." Price 3 cents each or 30 cents per doz.

For the older ones the Bureau offers:—"History of Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society," giving sketches of the women who have been leaders in the society since its formation, and their pictures. A fine present for those who have known about our W. M. S. and also for our younger women, who are interested in the society. Price, cloth, 70 cents; paper, 40 cents.

"An Indian Priestess," a story of Chundra Lela, is the life story of a wonderful woman, who was the daughter of a wealthy man of India, but one of the child widows. The story of her search after God is intensely interesting. Price, 50 cents.

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MRS A. D. CHAPMAN,

12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine.

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for October, 1908

MAINE	
Ocean Park, Toilers by the Sea, dues \$7.00 (\$1.00 in Memoriam for Miss Lizzie Knight); 65c for Missions	\$ 7 65
Topsham, C. R.	1 15
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Ashland Aux. on School Fund	\$10 00
Ashland Aux. for Storer College	5 00
Canaan Ch. for Miss Butts	5 00
Candia Ch. for H. M.	5 00
Gonic, Lizzie H. Howe for sup. Dukhada Nayak, S. O.	25 00
Gonic C. E. Alma Seavey, S. O.	6 25
Gonic Aux. Miss Butts	3 00
Hampton Aux. T. O.	27
Lakeport Aux. Income Cole Fund for W. M.	12 50
Laconia, Mrs. Ed. B. Tetley for Pres. Meredith, Mrs. E. O. Hines for Home Storer	100 00
New Hampton Aux. Storer College	5 00
Portsmouth	12 37
Sandwich Asso. Contgt Fd	4 13
Somersworth Aux. for Bessie Peckham School	11 00
Somersworth Aux. for Bessie Peckham School	4 00
Walnut Grove Aux.	5 00
Mrs. Mary M. Pinkham for Wms. Wk. India	2 50
Balance after paying trav. ex. of Gen. Treas. in an organizing trip in the State	58
VERMONT	
Huntington Asso. W.M.S. Miss Dawson's salary	\$ 4 12
A friend of missions	1 00
MASSACHUSETTS	
Haverhill, Mrs. Emily A. Paige for Pres. Home Storer	\$ 5 00
Lowell, Chemsford st. Aux. Nat. teacher Mid. \$6.25; C. R. \$5.00; Pres. Home Storer, \$5.00	16 25
Stoneham, Ellena T. Palmeter dues	1 00
RHODE ISLAND	
Carolina Aux. K. W. \$3.00; Ind. \$3.00	\$ 6 00
Greenville Aux. K. W. \$10; Ind. \$10	20 00
No. Taunton Aux. K. W. \$4; Ind. \$2	6 00
Olneyville Ch. Ind	3 15
Olneyville, Plainfield st. Pri. & Int. Dpts of S. S. Miss Barnes	4 00
Providence, Rog. Wms. Y.P.S.C.E. K.W.	37 50
Providence, Rog. Wms. Aux. K. W. \$15.00; Ind. \$15.00	30 00
Providence, C. R.	4 50
Providence, Elmwood ave. Y. P. S. C. E. child	6 50
Providence, Park st. Aux. Ind.	10 00
Pascoag, K. W. \$7.50; Ind. \$7.50	15 00
NEW YORK	
Poland, F.M.	\$ 9 19
OHIO	
Kyger, Miss Mabel Eakin for F. M.	\$ 5 00
Morrow, F. M.	2 15
ILLINOIS	
Chicago, Sarah Frey, Miss Dawson	\$ 1 00
MICHIGAN	
Temperance, F. B. Ch., S. S. Class, Miss Barnes	\$ 2 00
MINNESOTA	
Granada, Brainard W.M.S. C.R. for Brown Babies, India	\$ 5 00
Winona and Houston F. M., W. M. S.	2 50
IOWA	
Cedar Valley Q. M. Miss Dawson	\$ 4 95
Curlew Aux. dues \$7.25; T. O. \$7.50; Miss Dawson	14 75
Little Cedar Aux. Miss Dawson	5 00
Iowa Y. M. Col. Miss Dawson	2 75
Little Sioux Valley Asso. W. M. Meeting Coll. 2-5 H.M.; 2-5 T.M.; 1-5 Ed	2 15
Spencer S. S. pennies for Miss Barnes	3 75
Spencer W.M.S. for Miss Dawsons	7 50
Mrs. Thera B. True. Miss Dawson	50
MISCELLANEOUS	
Income, Mother Hill's Fund for C. F.	\$20 00
Income, Curtis Fund for Inc. Fund	17 50
Income, for Gen. Funds	22 50
Total receipts for October 1908	\$523 36
Total receipts for October 1907	556 61
LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.	
Dover, N. H.	
Per EDITH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.	
NOTES—T. O. of Danville, N. H., Aux., constitute Mrs. Aletha J. Collins, L. M.	
T. O. and C. R. of Lisbon, Me., Aux., constitute Mrs. Nellie Judkins, L. M.	
In September receipts \$10.00 from Waterbury Center, Vt., was for Miss Dawson's salary and \$1.00 for Miss Barnes.	

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of _____ to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

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A CAROL

O brother mine of birth Divine,
 Upon this natal day of Thine
 Bear with our stress of happiness,
 Nor count our reverence the less
 Because with glee and jubilee
 Our hearts go singing up to thee.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The joyful news must not be kept, but must be carried to the other sorrowing ones, and must be carried quickly. There must not be a moment lost. The happy women must not sit down together in mere personal enjoyment of the blessed news; there are others in the darkness of sorrow, and to these they must hasten with the gladness. We must not forget in our joy of the Christian life that there are others who have none of this joy; our mission is to carry the news, and to rejoice as we go on our way.

J. R. Miller.

